THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 24, 1800.

Account of the Siege of Londonderry, in Ireland, in July, 1689.

[From Leland's Hiſtory of Ireland.]

AMONG the reſolute and active northerns who took arms againſt Tyrconnel, and his maſter James the Second, was George Walker, a clergyman of a Yorkſhire family, and rector of a pariſh in the county of Tyrone. The danger and turbulence of the time, when the aſſiſtance of every man became neceſſary, called him forth in the defence of law, liberty, and religion; and in a cauſe the moſt glorious that a citizen can eſpouſe, he was zealous and indefatigable. He raiſed a regiment, and commanded it. He flew from poſt to poſt, conferred with the leaders, and animated the people, who were the more convinced of their danger when a man of his peaceable profeſſion appeared in arms. As the enemy grew more formidable by the arrival of James, he felt an increaſing ardour. He haſtened to Derry; he informed Lundy of the approach of this King, reminded him of his former declarations, entreated him to give the enemy battle before their whole ſtrength was collected, and his garriſon diminiſhed. Lundy ſtill affected vigour; as the Iriſh had paſſed the Bann, he was now to prevent them from croſſing the Finn Water: He ſtationed his forces for this purpoſe; but, in the hour of danger, he refuſed to ſupport them, ſhamefully abandoned his own poſt, and hid himſelf within

the walls of Derry, ſhutting the gates againſt many of thoſe who fought the ſame refuge.

In the meantime, two Engliſh Colonels, Cunningham and Richards, arrived in Lake Foyle with two Engliſh regiments. They notified their arrival to Lundy, whoſe orders they were to obey, adviſing him to ſecure the paſſes he had already abandoned, that if a battle ſhould be neceſſary, he might engage to more advantage with their reinforcement to ſupport him. On his return to Derry he received their letters; his written anſwer directed them to land; his meſſenger delivered his orders, that they ſhould leave their men on board and come to the city with ſome of their officers to conſult on the meaſures neceſſary in the preſent juncture, when there were not proviſions for ten days, though all unneceſſary perſons ſhould be removed. Eleven officers from the ſhips and five of the town formed a council of war, in which it was readily agreed, in conſequence of Lundy's repreſentations that the place was by no means tenable; that the Engliſh regiments ſhould not land; that the principal officers ſhould privately withdraw from the town, and leave the inhabitants to make the beſt conditions in their power with the enemy. Theſe reſolutions were communicated to the town-council, where it was reſolved to offer terms of capitulation to James, who now advanced ſlowly towards the city.

Theſe proceedings were not long a ſecret to the people; they ſaw their leaders flying, the Engliſh regiments preparing to return to England with all the proviſions intended for their relief, although Lundy aſſured them they ſhould land. They exclaimed againſt the Governor, the Council, and every ſuſpected officer; they roared out for vengeance againſt their betrayers. In the phrenſy of rage and terror they ſlew one officer as he was haſtening to eſcape from the city; another they wounded. In this moment of diſtraction, Murray, a brave and popular Captain, arrived at the head of a reinforcement, and, although Lundy commanded him to retire, inſiſted on entering the town, and was received with acclamations. To the ſoldiers who eagerly crowded round him, he inveighed againſt the baſe purpoſe of ſurrendering to a cruel and perfidious enemy, and was heard with rapture. While he expoſtulated with Lundy, they ruſhed to the walls, pointed their cannon, and fired on James and his advanced party, who approached to take poſſeſſion of the city. While the more cautious and timid ſent a deputation to apologize for this violence of an headſtrong populace, they with one voice declared for defence.

Governor,

Governor, Councils, Magiſtrates, at once loſt all authority. Lundy reſigned all care of the city, and concealed himſelf in his own houſe. The garriſon choſe for themſelves two new Governors, Walker, the gallant eccleſiaſtic, and one Major Baker, that if either ſhould fall they might not be left without command. By direction of theſe men they were formed into eight regiments, amounting to ſeven thouſand and twenty men, three hundred and forty-one officers.

When the firſt ſudden agitation had ſubſided, their reſolution grew compoſed and deliberate. They ſuffered the timid to depart unmoleſted. Lundy, by connivance of the new Governors, eſcaped to the ſhips in a diſguiſe ſuited to his meanneſs, bending under a load of match. The ſtores were viewed, orders iſſued, and obeyed with regularity; each regiment had its own ground, each company knew its own baſtion; they repaired each to their poſt without any military parade, but without confuſion or diſorder. Eighteen clergymen of the eſtabliſhed church, and ſeven non-conformiſt teachers, cheerfully ſhared the labours and dangers of the ſiege; and, in their turns, every day collected the people in the cathedral church, and by the fervour of their devotions, and thoſe ſtrains of eloquence which their circumſtances inſpired, animated and enflamed their hearers. Some jealouſies, however, broke out from theſe different religious parties, even in the hour of their common danger; and one diſſenting teacher pronounced thoſe unworthy to fight for the proteſtant cauſe who ſhould refuſe to take the covenant. But the diſcreet and pious of both parties prevailed, preached obedience and mutual union, and laboured to elevate the people to the utmoſt pitch of that devotional ſpirit which renders courage irreſiſtible.

And here one might dwell with aſtoniſhment on this deſperate attempt of a garriſon, in a town meanly fortified and miſerably ſupplied; as yet encumbered with thirty thouſand fugitives who could give them no aſſiſtance, and aſſailed by twenty thouſand beſiegers. But the plain, unſtudied, unadorned effuſions of their brave Governor, Walker, riſe above all elaborate deſcription. "It did beget," ſaith he, "ſome diſorder among us and confuſion, when we looked about us, and ſaw what we were doing, our enemies all about us, and our friends running away from us. A garriſon we had, compoſed of a number of poor people frightened from their own homes, and ſeemed more fit to hide themſelves than to face an enemy. When we conſidered, that we had no perſons of any experience in war among us, and thoſe very per-

ſons that were ſent to aſſiſt us, had ſo little confidence in the place, that they no ſooner ſaw it but they thought fit to leave it; that we had but few horſe to ſally out with, and no forage; no engineers to inſtruct us in our works; no fire-works, not ſo much as a hand-grenado to annoy the enemy; not a gun well mounted in the whole town; that we had ſo many mouths to feed, and not above ten days proviſion for them in the opinion of our former Governors; that every day ſeveral left us, and gave conſtant intelligence to the enemy; that they had ſo many opportunities to divide us, and ſo often endeavoured to betray the Governors; that they were ſo numerous, ſo powerful, and well appointed an army, that in all human probability we could not think ourſelves in leſs danger than the Iſraelites at the Red Sea; when we conſidered all this, it was obvious enough what a dangerous undertaking we had ventured upon. But the reſolution and courage of our people, and the neceſſity we were under, and the great confidence and dependence among us on God Almighty, that He would take care of us and preſerve us, made us overlook all thoſe difficulties."

With minds thus poſſeſſed, they reſiſted both the perſuaſions and aſſaults of their beſiegers. They made their ſallies in a manner unauthorized by military rules. Any officer that could be ſpared engaged in the adventure, and any ſoldiers who pleaſed followed his ſtandard. Such were the repeated ſucceſſes of this irregular war, that when the beſiegers battered the walls, the garriſon had the hardineſs to adviſe them to ſpare their labour and expence, as their gates were ever open, and wider than any breach they could make. Eleven days James continued his aſſaults with repeated mortifications, and without any proſpect of ſucceſs. Impatient of his diſappointments, he left the camp and returned to Dublin, peeviſhly exclaiming, that if his army had been Engliſh they would have brought him the town piece-meal. The only exploit performed in his northern expedition was that of reducing the fort of Culmore, and this he was ſuſpected to have atchieved by the help of money.

(To be continued.)

Method of dreſſing Potatoes by Steam.

AT a time like the preſent, when potatoes are ſo generally uſed, and afford ſo good a ſubſtitute for bread, a method of

of dreſſing them ſo as to preſerve their good flavour, and to prevent that waſte which unavoidably happens in boiling, may not be unacceptable to the public. The articles neceſſary for this purpoſe, and the manner of uſing them, are as follow:

Let a ſaucepan, of a ſize ſufficient for the family you mean to provide for, be filled about three parts full of water, and put upon the fire. Then get the ſteamer, which is no other than a tin of the ſame form, and nearly the ſame ſize and depth with your ſaucepan, and made to fit down cloſe upon it, having a bottom ſimilar to that of a cullender; and, having prepared your potatoes, put them into it. When the water in the ſaucepan boils, place the ſteamer upon it, and the ſteam aſcending through the apertures of the bottom, and being confined by a cloſe lid upon the top, will dreſs the potatoes contained therein in the ſpace of twenty-five minutes, if it be a briſk fire; but if a ſlow one, they will be a little longer.—A ſmall pudding, or any thing of that kind, may be boiled in the water; but no meat. Care ſhould be taken too, that the water in the ſaucepan do not touch the potatoes at the bottom of the ſteamer.

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Singular Cuſtoms in Courtſhip and Marriage of the Inhabitants of the Hills near Rajamhall.

[From Aſiatic Reſearches.]

THE mountaineers are repreſented to have, in general, a loving diſpoſition; their ſolicitude and attentions, when in love, are ſaid to be unceaſing; if ſeparated but for an hour, the lovers are miſerable; they conceal their meat to preſent to each other privately; the lady dreſſes whatever nice things ſhe can ſecrete from her parents, to treat her lover with, and he preſents her with rings and beads, and treats her with toddy. They go to market, and exchange paun and tobacco; and on their return, ſhould they perceive an acquaintance, they ſeparate to avoid being ſeen in company; but by aſſignation ſoon meet again. They retire to ſleep together, but ſeldom are guilty of that indiſcretion which is irreparable; though the fine for ſuch imprudent conduct, which the parties are afraid to conceal, is a hog and a goat to the *Maungy*, who ſacrifices them on the ſpot where frailty made them tranſgreſs, and ſprinkles ſome of the blood

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on them, to waſh out the ſtain from his land, or rather to appeaſe an incenſed deity, who fails not to puniſh ſuch abominations.

Polygamy is allowed: A man may marry as many wives as his circumſtances will admit of; that is, as often as he can defray the expences of the nuptials. When he ſees a girl whom he wiſhes to eſpouſe, he ſends a friend to her parents to aſk her in marriage; they refer him to the lady; ſhould he obtain her conſent, he acquaints the parents, who deſire him to return to the ſuitor to adviſe him of their acquieſcence, and that he may prepare the uſual preſents of *poonate* (beads) and *tubacane* (a ring for the neck), to preſent to the lady, which being accepted, ſhe is conſidered betrothed to him; and he, as ſoon as he can procure money for the expence of the nuptials, muſt provide a turban for the lady's father, with one rupee, alſo a rupee and a piece of cloth for the mother, and a rupee and a piece of cloth for ſeveral of the neareſt relations: Theſe, and the materials for the marriage feaſt, being provided, a day is fixed, on which the bridegroom with his relations, proceed to the bride's father's houſe, where they are ſeated on cots and mats; and after a repaſt, the bride's father, taking his daughter's hand, and giving it to the bridegroom, he publicly admoniſhes him to uſe her well and kindly, and not to murder her, threatening to retaliate; but if ſhe ſhould die a natural death, or by means of the Devil, it cannot be helped. On the concluſion of this exhortation, the bridegroom, with the little finger of his right hand, marks the bride's forehead with red paint; and the ſame little finger being linked with the little finger of the bride's right hand, he leads her out of the houſe to his own. At the expiration of five days, the bridegroom, with the bride, returns to her father's, well ſtocked with proviſions for feaſting, and having paſſed two or three days with their parents, they go home, and the ceremony concludes.

A man dying and leaving widows, his younger brothers, or younger couſins of the firſt or ſecond degrees, or nephews, may receive the widows as wives; if the parties diſagree on theſe occaſions, the children go with their mother; if the widow prefers returning to her relations, the children under ten years of age go with her, and ſhe is entitled to a rupee and a piece of cloth annually, for bringing them up; when arrived at that period of life, they are ſent to the relations of their father, who paid their mother for taking care of them. When a woman has ten children, her eldeſt brother may claim one; the right is acknowledged from cuſtom,

though it cannot be enforced; the child thus adopted by an uncle, is treated as, and has every privilege of, his own children; ſhould this ſon by adoption arrive at manhood, die, and leave property, it is equally divided between the adopter and the father of the deceaſed.

A man deſirous of marrying a widow, deputes a friend to aſk her in marriage; ſhould ſhe conſent ſhe refers to her late huſband's relations, the neareſt of whom, for his acquieſcence, is entitled to two rupees and a turban. The parents of the widow are next conſulted; ſhould they approve, they are entitled to ſome trifling preſents, on which the father gives his daughter's hand, exhorting the bridegroom as related in the deſcription of a marriage. The red paint is not uſed on a ſecond marriage.—A feaſt concludes the whole.

A man cannot marry a relation, though he may marry his wife's ſiſters, except in the inſtance of younger brothers, couſins, and nephews, receiving one each, or more, of their ſenior kinſman's widows, who are treated and conſidered as wives, though there is no expence or ceremony attending their union.

Should a girl be compelled by her parents to marry a man whom ſhe diſlikes, and ſhould ſhe be unhappy and leave her huſband, and in deſpair put an end to herſelf, the parents get a court appointed, to enquire how their ſon-in-law behaved to their daughter; if it ſhould appear that he treated her cruelly, he is conſidered guilty of murder and fined, but not ſo heavily as is common for the commutation of blood; if on the contrary it ſhould appear that he behaved well to her, it is deemed ſuicide.

Should a married woman elope with a man, and the party be purſued, ſeized, and brought back, judges are appointed to try the man who is generally fined one or two ſcore of rupees; the huſband may or may not receive his wife, and the ſeducer has to pay the fine.

A man convicted of having committed adultery, is fined twenty or thirty rupees; he is alſo obliged to furniſh a hog, the blood of which being ſprinkled on the adulterer and adultereſs, waſhes away their ſin, and, it is believed, will avert divine vengeance: The ceremony ends with a feaſt, and, the parties thus purified, the huſband and friends are reconciled. The adultereſs in general reveals the ſecret; as a ſuperſtitious idea is entertained, that, if concealed, the inhabitants of the village will be viſited with the plague, or that the tiger or venomous animal will deſtroy them. When any of theſe happens, it is religiouſly believed to proceed

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from the immorality and evil doings of ſome individual, and as a puniſhment for ſome concealed ſin; to diſcover which they have practices, which they place implicit faith in—one is called *Satane*, and is as follows: A place large enough for a man to ſit in, is bruſhed and waſhed, in the middle of which a ſmall branch of the bale tree is planted, and a perſon ſits oppoſite to it, another ſupplies him with a few grains of rice on a bale leaf, ſome of which he throws on the branch, the remainder he is to eat, the perſon who gave it him repeating that he is to ſwallow it in the names of all the inhabitants of the village; in which ſhould the ſinner be, it is believed, God will make him throw up the rice: Should this happen, he is next to eat ſome in the names of families, and again in the names of all the individuals who compoſe that on which the *Satane* proof falls.

Another is called *Cherreen*, and is thus:—A ſtone is ſuſpended to a ſtring, which, it is believed, will be toſſed to and fro, on the name of the village, family, and offender: The third is called *Gobereen*, and is of a more ſerious nature than the two former:—A pot with ſome cow-dung, oil, and water, is put on the fire; when boiling, a ring is thrown in; each perſon approaches to take out the ring, calling on God to protect him if innocent, and to burn him if guilty: On this trial, it is believed, the innocent will eſcape unhurt in taking out the ring, and that the guilty perſon will be ſeverely burned, without being able to put his hand into the pot, as the mixture, it is ſaid, will boil up to meet his hand.

ELEANOR *and* MARY:

A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

ELEANOR and Mary were two ſiſters, born of very reſpectable parents, in the ſouth of England. An excellent education had been beſtowed upon both of them, but the difference of their diſpoſitions rendered the benefits ariſing from it extremely various. Eleanor, the younger, was of a quick and lively temper; ſhe loved the company of the faſhionable and the gay—to be admired at a ball, or praiſed for the clearneſs of her voice, were amongſt the firſt objects of her ambition. The pleaſures of the country, in which ſhe lived, were all loſt upon her; her mind was too light to meditate with comfort on ſerious ſubjects, and often did ſhe

wiſh to have an opportunity of diſplaying her imagined elegance of form and muſical abilities in the wider range of metropolitan company. Happy in reality would Eleanor have been, had that opportunity never offered. The temper of Mary was of a different caſt; ſhe cordially loved the cheerful companion, but deteſted that idle frivolity which is generally ſo conſpicuous in the company of the young. She was affable, ſerious, and devout; ſhe had made great proficiency in drawing, muſic, and the other faſhionable accompliſhments, but ſtill regarded them in a due light, and deemed them fit to paſs the jovial moment, not to engroſs the hour. Frequently would ſhe reprimand, and almoſt quarrel with her ſiſter, for devoting ſo much time to what periſhes in the uſing. She had gained an intimate knowledge of that uſeful language the French, which Eleanor thought too laborious to acquire; ſhe ſtudiouſly endeavoured to obtain thoſe graces and virtues which might befriend her in future years; and whilſt Eleanor acted in her purſuits, as though ſhe thought to-morrow will be for ever as this day, and that more abundantly, Mary wiſely looked forward to that period in which it was probable ſhe would become the wife and the mother, and prepared herſelf for the proper fulfilment of thoſe offices. The ſneers of the thoughtleſs and the gay could avail nothing to draw her from the road of ſenſe and virtue; when the butterflies of the day would teaze her with their buzzing, ſhe teazed them by her noble indifference; whilſt Eleanor, ſurrounded by flattery, and puffed up by fulſome adulation, grew vain, and beheld her acquaintance with contempt. Mary felt herſelf ſtill a mortal, and was always ready to relieve the diſtreſſes of her fellow creatures. In ſhort, ſhe was at once a pattern for the young and the delight of the aged. Though both theſe young ladies were beloved by their parents, in an equal proportion as they were equally related to them, yet the reader muſt eaſily imagine, there was hope in the future proſpect of the elder, which, (in ſpite of all their admonitions) was not to be found in the younger. Mary was a plant on which they much depended, nor was their confidence miſplaced; in proceſs of time the bud unfolded, and ſpread its fragrance all around!

The difference of their age was about two years, and juſt as the eldeſt had attained her twentieth year, they were invited to ſpend a few months with a friend in London. Now it was that Eleanor felt enthuſiaſtic pleaſure; now an opportunity offered for the gratification of her vanity. Her beauty and tinſeled perfections ſoon, as might be expected,

paved her way into what is ſtyled the polite circle, and gained her a long liſt of adventuring admirers. Amongſt them was a gentleman of fortune, who, having been once or twice in her company, was ſo ſmitten with her beauty and voice, as to demand her hand; and ſhe, taken with the ſplendour of his equipage, yielded to the offer.

In vain did her friends reaſon with her on the neceſſity of real affection for real happineſs; in vain did they comment on the frequent inconſtancy of firſt love; ſhe thought herſelf wiſer than them all, and ſuffered herſelf to be conducted to the altar by a man of fortune without principle. But, alas! how ſoon did ſhe find her error, then too late to be retrieved! Her huſband daſhed from one kind of gaiety to another, till the odious gaming-table touched his all. Unable to ſupport the concert, the ſweetneſs of the voice could no longer charm; unable to drive the carriage, the ſplendid equipage ſunk into oblivion; and coldneſs and diſguſt taking the place of momentary affection, he entirely forſook her. To add to her misfortune, ſhe found herſelf likely to become a mother. What could ſhe do? Ruin ſeemed inevitable, and Eleanor, juſt before the beautiful and gay, was now the wretched and forlorn. What would have become of her God only knows, had not her offended father, who had never ſeen her ſince her marriage, hearing of her diſtreſſed ſituation, ſent to invite her home. Thither ſhe then retired from the deluding world, happy to find herſelf again under her paternal roof. In due time ſhe was delivered of a boy, which, (perhaps happily, for herſelf and family, ſince, had it lived, it would have been the conſtant memento of her imprudence) was ſhortly removed by Providence to the regions of felicity.

Thus widowed in the prime of life, and retired to her native place to end her days in penitence and peace, let the reader leave her, and return to contemplate with delight her contraſt, in the character of her ſiſter.

Mary, who upon her ſiſter's marriage had returned to her father's, a ſituation more congenial than London to the growth of her purſuits, received, at the age of two and twenty, the offers of a gentleman of reſpectability in the neighbourhood, with whom ſhe concluded an alliance at once honourable and happy. In the courſe of a few years her family increaſed, and the whole five ſons and three daughters, of which it was compoſed, were entirely attended through their puerile years by their ineſtimable mother, ſhe being thoroughly convinced a child is too precious a creature to be truſted to mercenary hirelings!

hirelings! All their little paſſions were watched with an anxious and unceaſing eye; all their little wants were ſupplied with a benevolent and unwearied hand; all their little humours, however refractory, brought into ſubjection, not by the unnatural ſtroke of a rod, left to a ſervant's diſcretion, but by the milder and equally effectual method of maternal vigilance and care. Often has ſhe exclaimed, that it was greater pleaſure to her to ſee her children comfortably put to reſt, than to be at the moſt brilliant aſſembly. Would to God, O Britain! that all thy mothers were like her! She thought (and let her name be venerated for the thought) parents cannot from duty do too much for their children.

It would be foreign to the ſubject to enlarge here; I ſhall therefore only remark, that unleſs parents diſcharge to the utmoſt their duties to their children, they have no juſt claim on their children for ſupport, when the evil days draw nigh. I ſhould wiſh young married people to impreſs their minds with this ſuggeſtion. Having choſen to inſtruct the male part of her family till they were beyond the power of a mother to teach, they were then put under the care of a clergyman in the neighbourhood; here they received ſuch inſtruction as, with their parents' aſſiſtance, enabled them to fill future ſtations in life with happineſs to themſelves and honour to their connections. The daughters, Mary entirely inſtructed herſelf, and having ſeen the danger to which polite accompliſhments carried to exceſs expoſe young women, in the fate of her ſiſter, ſhe was more anxious to make them ſenſible and virtuous, than vain and accompliſhed. This ſhe fully effected; and after outliving, ſome years, the partner of her labours, ſhe was gratified at being ſupported through the end of life by her obedient children, all of whom, before her death, ſhe ſaw happily ſettled in the world:

" Rever'd and honour'd, lovely like herſelf,
" And good, the grace of all the country round!"

ANECDOTE *of* M. DE MIRABEAU.

[From M. Bertrand de Moleville's Annals of the French Revolution.]

M. MALOUET, ſays M. Bertrand, relates the following anecdote of Mirabeau, which is of too intereſting a nature to be paſſed over in ſilence.

I knew M. de Mirabeau, ſays he, only by his character, from which I was greatly inclined to ſhun him. We took different ſides from the firſt ſittings of the National Aſſembly, and I little expected to be ſought for by him, when M. du Roverai, with whom I was acquainted at Geneva, and who was then at Verſailles, told me from him, that he wiſhed very much to confer with me. I accepted an appointment at M. du Roverai's, where I found another perſon from Geneva, a M. Dumons. This was in the end of May, 1789. My diſtruſt of M. de Mirabeau kept pace with my prepoſſeſſion againſt him. I conſidered him as one of the moſt dangerous innovators, and was very much aſtoniſhed at the manner in which he accoſted me. "I have been anxious," ſaid he, "for an explanation with you, becauſe in ſpite of your moderation I diſcover you to be a friend of liberty; and I am, perhaps, more alarmed than you at the ferment I ſee in the minds of men, and at the miſchiefs that may flow from it. I am not a perſon to ſell myſelf baſely to deſpotiſm: I wiſh for a free but monarchical conſtitution. I am not for ſhaking the monarchy; and if meaſures be not ſpeedily taken, the very bad heads, the great inexperience and arrogance which I perceive in our Aſſembly, and the inconſiderate reſiſtance and provocation given by the two firſt orders, (the nobility and clergy) make me fear as much as you that there will be dreadful commotions. I therefore addreſs myſelf to you as an honeſt man. You are connected with M. Neckar and M. de Montmorin; you muſt know their intentions, and whether they have a plan or not. If they have a reaſonable plan, I will ſupport it."

This declaration made a great impreſſion upon me, and it was ſufficiently rational for me to believe it ſincere: Mirabeau's intellects were ſound; he did not chooſe miſchief for miſchief's ſake. Upon ſeveral important queſtions, and particularly upon the conſtitution of the commons, in a National Aſſembly, his opinions were ſeen to be monarchical. I yielded to this explanation with a kind of confidence: I told him frankly that I thought as he did; that I had no doubt of the neceſſity for a plan of reform, and of a conſtitution that might ſatisfy the reaſonable expectations of the nation —but that I did not know, and very much doubted, whether or not the miniſters had any determined plan; that the heſitation I had perceived in them had alarmed me as much as the arrogance of many of my colleagues.

"Well," ſaid he, "will you propoſe to them to ſee and confer with me?"

I conſented,

I conſented, and informed M. Neckar and M. de Montmorin of the reſult of my converſation. I found them both extremely averſe to any intercourſe with Mirabeau, from his immorality, his character, and the little confidence he merited. I contended againſt all theſe objections: I repreſented, that the man who with great talents announced honeſt views; who, notwithſtanding his immorality, did not appear to have yet engaged in any party, and would give great weight to that which he ſhould embrace; and who, far from offering himſelf to be a corrupt tool, explained himſelf in ſuch a manner that it was impoſſible to propoſe to him any ſort of conditions, or fictitious part,—deſerved to be heard. It was agreed that M. Neckar ſhould receive him the next day, and the conference took place. But Mirabeau expected they would open themſelves to him, whereas they had only conſented to hear what he had to ſay. He waited for the communication of a plan, and it is probable that they had not one to communicate. The conference accordingly was dry and ſhort: he went away diſcontented, and ſaid to me, as he came into the hall, "I go there no more, but they ſhall hear of me;" and he has been but too true to his word.—There ended our intercourſe, and I was two years without ſpeaking to him.

Anecdotes of the late Daniel Dancer, commonly called the Miſer of Harrow Weal Common.

[From the Annual Necrology for 1797-8.]

AN inſatiable thirſt after wealth, ſo juſtly denominated "*amor ſceleratus habendi*," by a poet of the Auguſtan age, is only known in what is termed a high ſtate of civilization. In the infancy of ſociety man is content with what nature freely ſupplies.

But it is not only during the ideal "golden age," that this paſſion is extinct; we find little or no veſtige of it even among the unpoliſhed tribes contemporary with ourſelves. True it is, that a property exiſts in the carcaſes and ſkins of the wild beaſts deſtroyed for ſubſiſtence, and the arms made uſe of for defence; theſe, indeed, conſtitute all their wealth. But who ever heard of a Laplander hoarding his ſuperfluous train oil? of a native of Kamſchatka burying the furs of the ſea otter? or a Cherokee chief contemplating, with ſul-

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len delight, thoſe dreadful, but to him uſeful weapons, his tomahawk and his ſcalping knife?

Avarice, that whimſical and capricious ſtimulus; that only paſſion which gathers ſtrenth with age, and ſtill perſecutes when all others have ceaſed to torment us; is the vice, then, of a man not in a ſavage but a civilized ſtate.

A luxurious Roman, in the times of the Emperors, pined after the wealth he had ſpent in inglorious debauchery, and actually put an end to his exiſtence, becauſe he had no more than fifteen or twenty thouſand pounds, of our money, remaining out of his immenſe fortune. In our own days, a Knight of the Shire (Mr. Elwes) in a late Parliament, who poſſeſſed property worth near half a million, was accuſtomed to puſh his horſe acroſs ploughed fields, and dine upon hard eggs, to eſcape the ruinous expence incidental to turnpikes and taverns: and this ſame legiſlator, who would play a rubber at whiſt for a couple of hundred guineas, walked home on foot every night from the gaming houſe, to ſave a ſhilling for a hackney coach!

We have had many other ſingular examples of this mania (for ſo it may be juſtly termed) in ſtill more recent times. Scheven, a rich banker of Hamburgh, who died in January, 1798, is ſaid to have denied himſelf not only the comforts, but even the neceſſaries of life; and, among other inſtances of penurioufneſs, we learn, that, after a faithful ſervice of ſeventeen years, he called in the aid of a German taylor, for the purpoſe of attempting to turn his coat! In our own country, and in the immediate vicinage of the metropolis, (at Kentiſh Town) a bachelor* of more than eighty years of age, liſtening at length to the perhaps gratuitous advice of a phyſician, determined to treat himſelf with a bottle of his own wine; but this firſt fit of extravagance actually proved mortal, for, as he never truſted any body with a key, in conſequence of removing from a warm bed to a damp cellar, he brought on a ſhivering fit, which being ſuddenly followed by an apoplexy, the miſer is ſaid to have expired on the ſpot!

Daniel Dancer was born in 1716, in the hamlet of Weal, in the neighbourhood of Harrow. He was deſcended from a reſpectable yeoman's family, in the county of Hertford, and his grandfather appears to have been ſettled at Buſhy, near

9 Watford,

* Miſers are generally bachelors. This circumſtance undoubtedly originates in a peculiar ſpecies of economy; for, poſſeſſing the faculty of retention in an eminent degree, they ſeem averſe to the idea of even ſquandering away their *affections!*

Watford, where he followed the profitable occupations of mealman and maltſter. His father, who reſided at Stone Cauſeway, on Harrow Weal Common, poſſeſſed conſiderable property in land, which he farmed himſelf: he had four children, three ſons and a daughter; and on his death, in 1736, his eldeſt ſon, Daniel, ſucceeded to the eſtate.

It has ſomewhere been aſſerted, that there never yet were three ſucceſſive generations of miſers; the Dancers, however, form a ſpecial exception to this rule, for it is an undoubted fact, that the grandfather, the father, and all the children, were ſtrictly entitled to this appellation! Their characters, however, were of a peculiar caſt; for it was the ambition and the occupation of their lives, not to accumulate for the ſake of their offſpring, or relatives, or poſterity, or themſelves, but from the ſame principle that the magpie is ſaid to ſteal gold—merely for the pleaſure of *hiding* it!

The contemporaries of the grandfather are now no more, and but few traditional anecdotes have been handed down concerning him. But Daniel was ſatisfied that his father had concealed money to the amount of more than one thouſand five hundred pounds in the premiſes occupied by him, and this occaſioned no little uneaſineſs; but it did not proceed from the fear of its not being diſcovered, but from the dread leſt his brothers might find it, and not deliver it to him. This rendered him cautious of mentioning his ſuſpicions; and it was full two years before any part of it was found. At length, on removing an old gate, about two hundred pounds in gold and bank notes, which had been concealed between two pewter diſhes under one of the poſts, were fortunately diſinterred. The reſt was never heard of.

It was in the paternal manſion at Aſtmiſs, at Cauſeway-gate, on Harrow Weal Common, that Daniel was doomed by the fates to ſpend the whole of his life, which ſeems to have been one uninterrupted dreary blank. His wretched habitation was ſurrounded by about eighty acres of his own rich meadow land, with ſome of the fineſt oak timber in the kingdom upon it; and he poſſeſſed an adjoining farm called Waldos, the whole of the annual value of about two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, if properly cultivated. But cultivation was expenſive, and ſo Daniel permitted graſs only to grow there; indeed, in ſo neglected a ſtate was the place for many years, that the houſe was entirely ſurrounded by trees, the fields choaked up with underwood, and the hedges of ſuch an amazing height, as wholly to exclude the proſpect of mankind, and create a dreary gloom all around.

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This was exactly what was wanted by the ſolitary poſſeſſor, for he appears to have led the life of a hermit during more than half a century, and to have been as much unacquainted with, and unknown to the world, although reſiding within eight or nine miles of the capital, as if he had been the inhabitant of a deſert. His principal, and, indeed, only dealing with mankind, aroſe from the ſale of his hay; and he was ſeldom accoſted by any body, except when he wandered about the common to pick up a ſtray lock of wool, collect the dung of ſheep under the hedges, or trudged along the road in ſearch of paper, old iron, or caſt horſe-ſhoes.

His wealth was thus productive of no other enjoyment than the ſordid and unavailing one ariſing from the contemplation of riches which he did not dare to enjoy. On the contrary, it ſeemed to carry a curſe along with it, and to engender a variety of calamities to the wretched poſſeſſor. As he lived entirely alone, after the death of his ſiſter, for he could never prevail upon himſelf to be at the expence of a wife, the temptation to rob the old miſer proved irreſiſtible to thoſe who lived by rapine; indeed, there is ſome reaſon to ſuppoſe that they contemplated the plunder of a man of his penurious diſpoſition with but little compunction or remorſe: his avarice, if not an excuſe for, at leaſt ſeemed an alleviation of, the crime. He was accordingly robbed frequently, and, if report be true—for this was a ſubject on which he did not chooſe to enlarge—to a very conſiderable amount. He, however, once confeſſed, with tears in his eyes, to his niece, who had ſeen whole and half-pecks of halfpence on his ſtaircaſe, that "all—all was gone!"

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS.

ADVICE is ſeldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good: It is ſeldom well received, becauſe it implies a ſuperiority of judgment in the giver; and it is ſeldom intended for any other end than to ſhew it: It is ſeldom of any ſervice to the giver, becauſe it more frequently makes him an enemy than a friend; and as ſeldom to the receiver, becauſe, if he is not wiſe enough to act properly without it, he will ſcarcely be wiſe enough to diſtinguiſh that which is good.

Put only this reſtriction on your pleaſures, be cautious that they hurt no creature that has life.

AN ANECDOTE.

TWO perſons a ſhort time ago, ſtrangers to each other, took their departure together from an inn, in one of the ſtage coaches. After ſome time one of them ſaid, "Here is a fine morning, Sir." The other remained ſilent. They rolled on a mile or two, when the firſt ſpoke again. "Well, how do you do, Sir?" "I am very well, thank you, Sir," was the anſwer, but no more. Some time after the talkative gentleman accoſted his ſilent companion with, "Well, my friend, and how are you?" "I am as well as I was when you aſked me before. If I ail any thing, I will let you know."

NEW MODE *of* ROBBERY.

A Man lately entered a little publick-houſe, near Kingſton, in Surrey, called for a pint of ale, drank it, and, whilſt the hoſt was away, put the pot into his pocket, and without paying for the beer, withdrew. The landlord returning, two other men, who were in the room, aſked him if he knew the perſon who had juſt left the houſe? "No," he replied. "Did he pay for his ale?" ſaid they. "No," anſwered the other. "Why d—n" him, cried one of the gueſts, "he put the pot in his pocket." "The Devil he did!" exclaimed the hoſt, "I will ſoon be after him."

Saying this, he ran to the door, and the two men with him. "There, there, he's going round the corner now!" ſaid one pointing. Upon which the landlord immediately ſet off, and cutting acroſs a field, quickly came up to him. "Holloa! my friend," ſaid he, "you forgot to pay for your beer." "Yes," replied the other, "I know that!" "And perhaps you know, too," added the hoſt, "that you took away the pot? Come, come, I muſt have that back at any rate." "Well, well," ſaid the man, and put his hand into his pocket, as if about to return the pot; but inſtead of that, he produced a piſtol, and robbed the ale-houſe keeper of his watch and money.

This might ſeem calamity enough for the poor man; but to fill up his cup of misfortune to the brim, he heard, on his reaching his home, that the two he had left behind, had, during his abſence, plundered his till of all his ſilver ſpoons, and decamped.

Anſwer to G. England's Rebus, inſerted December 9.

ARRIVED at BARBADOES, after croſſing the ſea,
To your friend, Mr. England, we wiſh health and eaſe;
And when he returns to old England again,
May your friendſhips be mutual and firmly remain!
But ſhould you continue your muſe to invite,
Pray make her your ſtudy by day and by night;
For nature appears to have given you powers,
To pleaſe the whole family in ſome future hours.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Robert Maffet, of Saltaſh; W. Brock, of Evercreech; William Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel; R. Thomas, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; a conſtant reader; T. Bullock, a royal miner; T. Richards, junior; Thomas Churchouſe, of Yeovil; and J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes.

A QUESTION, *by J. Smith, of the Royal Artillery, Plymouth Dock.*

THE difference between an equilateral △, and its inſcribed circle = one acre: Required the diameter of the circle, and the ſide of the triangle.

A REBUS, *by R. Thomas, of Exeter.*

AN ancient title pray firſt find;
A Berkſhire town then call to mind;
An heathen god you then muſt name;
A ſhip connect unto the ſame:

Place the initials right and true,
A hero's name appears in view.

A CHARADE, *by T. Bullock, a Royal Miner.*

MY firſt is well known to rich and to poor,
Once a week goes to market, and ſometimes goes more;
Aloft ſee my next, rais'd high in the air,
On the top of a houſe, by an artiſt plac'd there:
My whole, tho' ſtrange it may ſeem, yet do not wonder,
Makes balls ſwiftly fly, and cannon to thunder.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On paſſing accidentally near Plymouth Dock-yard while the Bell was ringing to call the Artiſans to their Employment.

RUDDY morn
Peeps thro' the glowing portals of the eaſt;
And now the *bell*, foreſtalling Sol's approach
Rings the loud larum to the induſtrious band,
Who, from all quarters, 'gin to urge their way,
Swarm in the ſtreet, and, like the honey'd race,
Tend to the common centre, to the hive;
And, like them too, with induſtry untir'd,
Plan and conſolidate the public weal.

From every quarter, lo! mechanic bands
Bend the quick footſtep to the buſy yard;
Each avenue is throng'd. I view each face
Glowing with health, unmix'd with cutting care;
And think, as each ſtrong lineament I mark,
I trace the honeſt features of the ſoul,
Muſing attentive on ſucceeding ſcenes
Of the long buſy day. I pauſe, I ponder,
And grateful feelings ſweep acroſs the breaſt;
While, all contemplative, I trace the future,
Th' riſing glories of an embryo fleet,
Where Britain's banners, high unfurl'd ſhall wave
In proudeſt columns victory o'er the foe.

No hordes of uſeleſs caterers are here;
No prompter here of high-fed luxury;
By grandeur's fopperies for ever foſter'd,
Their country's peſt, her nuiſance, and her bane.
But here a generous race unfold the plan,
And toſs their columns proudly to the wave,
On whoſe exiſtence hangs a nation's fate,
Who ſedulouſly ſtretch the nervous arm,
High ſtrung by labour to the general good;
And give the general pulſe of public ſtrength
A throb more eager, and a livelier bound.
Go generous race! Go raiſe thoſe far-fam'd fabrics,
Britannia's proudeſt boaſt—that better far
Than all the rocks that line her ſea-beat bounds,
Or all the legions numerous and brave,

That

That crown her wave-worn cliffs, defend her rights
From bands fanatic, who on yon fell ſhore
Line the green ſtrand, and throng the vine-clad height.

Albion! while ſuch a race thy care ſhall nurſe
As now, no foe may cauſe the leaſt alarm.
Favor'd of Heaven this ſea-girt iſle ſhall live
Free from the chain her ſavage foes may forge.
For thee the ſailor up the cordage flies,
For thee braves dauntleſs too the midnight gale,
Or pours hot thunder on the flying foe.
For thee theſe ſons of art the keel extend,
Fearleſs for thee they mount the gunwale's height,
And proudly finiſh what keen genius plann'd;
Launch to the wave the well-compacted column,
That in ſome hour in Biſcay's ſtormy bay
May ſtamp freſh ſtigma on a ſinking foe;
That wing'd by ocean's boiſterous, ſweeping gale
Shall hurl freſh ruin on appalled France;
Daſh thro' the watry waſte unfought, untir'd,
And bind new laurels on Britannia's brow.

N. CARRINGTON.

Plymouth Dock.

The MIDNIGHT WATCH.

WHILE to the rude unpitying ocean
I breathe the fond and frequent pray'r,
Perhaps, my love, thy heart's emotion
Is huſh'd by deep deſpair.

Perhaps ſuſpenſe, with ceaſeleſs anguiſh,
Like mine has pierc'd my Anna's breaſt,
And left her heart at laſt to languiſh,
In hopeleſs, horrid reſt.

Like me, to night's dull ear complaining,
She feels her heart with paſſion glow,
And begs that wind my courſe detaining
With ſav'ring gale to blow.

The ſenſeleſs waves, with cold reſiſtance,
May roll between my love and me;
But my heart flies o'er boundleſs diſtance,
And ſprings, dear maid! to thee.

H. W.

On SLEEP.

IMAGE of death, my wiſhes give
With thee, kind ſleep, to lie:
Thus, without life, how ſweet to live!
Thus, without death, to die.